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THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF ABBEVILLE IN FRANCE

THE TOWN OF ABBEVILLE IN FRANCE.

ABBEVILLE is a town in the North of France, between Calais and Paris. It lies to the South of Calais at the distance of rather more than one hundred miles by the road; and to the North of Paris at the distance of about eighty miles. Under the old territorial divisions of France it was comprised within the province of Picardy, ranking in the second place among the towns of that division, or next to Amiens, (which lies about thirty miles to the south-west of it.) It was also, in early times, the capital of the earldom or county of Ponthieu. It is, at present, included in the department of the Somme; and is built upon the banks of the river which gives that name to the department. Its situation is pleasant, and advantageous for the purposes of commerce; it stands in a fertile valley about four miles broad, and is accessible by the Somme to boats of one hundred tons' burden, at high water, the tide rising six feet.

Abbeville is a fortified town, though not remarkable for strength. Its circuit, exclusive of the fortifications, is nearly three miles and a half (English). It has five gates, near one of which is a charming promenade, planted with trees, by the side of the Somme. The ramparts themselves, "flanked with bastions, and surrounded with broad ditches planted with avenues of trees, form an agreeable promenade, and command a fine view both of the town and the surrounding country."

In its passage through Abbeville, the Somme forms a small island upon which the central portion of the present town stands, the rest of it being distributed along the two banks. Besides this river there are three smaller streams intersecting it; so that upwards of sixty bridges of various sizes are required to keep up the communications between its different parts. Some of the streets are broad; the houses are generally of brick, there being but a few of stone, and some antiquated decayed edifices of wood. In former times, the town was adorned with many fine residences belonging to the neighbouring gentry; "but traces of dilapidation and decay," said an English traveller some years ago, "the effect of the Revolution, are everywhere visible, without any, or hardly any, cheering symptoms of renovation." There are no public buildings deserving of particular notice, except the Hall of Justice, the Town House, and the Collegiate Church,—or Cathedral, as it is sometimes called.

This last edifice,—the Collegiate Church of St. Wulfran,—is described as being in the finest style of Gothic architecture; "but the beautiful colossal statues at its front gate were mutilated at the Revolution, and it is so encumbered with houses on every side, that the exterior cannot readily be seen." The portal, however, and the two lofty square towers rising above it, are still objects of attention. The structure was founded by the Counts of Ponthieu in an early age; and like many other ecclesiastical edifices in France, it remains to the present day in an unfinished state. "The interior has nothing striking, except that which fixes the attention of the English traveller in all Catholic churches,—freedom from organ, pews, and screens."

The manufactures of Abbeville are considerable. Its woollen-cloth manufactory, which was established in 1665, by a Dutchman, named Van Robais, under the patronage of Colbert, the celebrated minister of Louis the Fourteenth, is the most extensive in France; the cloths which are here produced, are said to be little inferior to those of our own country. An extensive trade is also carried on at Abbeville, not only in the articles manufactured there, but in the

agricultural products of the neighbouring country, and especially in corn, a large quantity of which is brought from all quarters of the department, to be embarked on the Somme. The population of Abbeville is now stated at about 19,000; in 1698, it was 17,982,—showing a comparatively small increase.

Abbeville is not a place of great antiquity. A native writer has, indeed, contended that it existed under the name of *Britannia* two centuries before the Christian era,—that it was the chief town of the people called *Britanni*, in Belgic Gaul, whom he supposes to have given their name to our own island of Britain; but this, as the French antiquary Du Chesne says, is "probably" a prejudice in favour of his native town. In the middle ages, the town is mentioned under the Latin names of *Abbatia villa*, *Abbavilla*, and *Abacicovilla*, which it is said to have derived from its founder, one of the Counts of Ponthieu, who was an abbot. The earldom or county of Ponthieu, of which Abbeville was the capital, obtained its name according to Du Chesne, from the number of *ponts* or bridges in the fens and marshes which existed in this part of France.

In the early wars of England and France, the county of Ponthieu, and its capital, the town of Abbeville, were frequently objects of contention. The county passed by marriage to the English crown; and in the year 1329, Edward the Third did homage for it to Philip the Sixth, or Philip of Valois. In 1346, during the war between those Sovereigns, Philip fixed his quarters at Abbeville, just before the battle of Cressy, and built a bridge there for the passage of his army. "He remained there a whole day," says Du Chesne, "to assemble his army, and on the morrow being advised that the English were near, resolved to go and attack them, which he did at the village of Crécy, but with shame and loss *," &c.

By the treaty of Bretigny, which was concluded between Edward the Third and John the Second of France, on the 8th of May, 1360, the king of England acquired the full sovereignty of the earldom of Ponthieu, among other valuable territories in France; in this cession the town of Abbeville was of course included. In 1364, however, king John died a prisoner in London, having been unable to raise the sum of 3,000,000 crowns of gold,—the amount of his stipulated ransom.

His successor, Charles the Fifth, became speedily embroiled with the Black Prince, who governed Edward's dominions in the South of France; and in 1368, made secret preparations for a fresh war with the king of England, at the same time openly expressing his desire to maintain the peace. His intention was to take Edward by surprise, and to regain possession of the county of Ponthieu by a sudden attack; his measures were accordingly directed, in the first instance, against its capital, the town of Abbeville. He proceeded with great caution; for, as Froissart says:—

The French kynge woulde not be known of the warr, for thereby he thought he should lose the enterprise that he trusted to have in the Erldome of Ponthieu. For if the kyng of Englande had perfectly known that the French kyng woulde have made hym warr, he woulde right well have withstood the damages that he had after in Ponthieu, for he woulde so well have provyded for the good tounes of Abbeville with Englyshmen, and so well have furnyshe-d all other garysons in the said countie, that he woulde have been still soverayne over them. And the seneshall of the same countie was an Englyshman, called Sir Nicholas Lovayng, who was in good favour with the kyng of Englande, as he was worthy; for he was so true that to be drawn with wyld horses he woulde never consent to any shame, cowardesse, or villany

* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. VIII., p. 50.

In the following year, 1369, when Charles had matured his preparations, he determined to commence operations by an attack upon Abbeville; but he still conceived himself bound by the laws of honour to send a "defiance," or formal declaration of war, to Edward, although it was his intention not to await the return of his messenger, but to calculate the time of his arrival at the English court, and then to begin at once. Or, again to quote the language of Froissart,—

When the Frenche kyng had secrete and certayne knowledge how they within Abbeville would become French, and that the warres were open in Gascony, and howe all his people were ready aparmed and in good wyll to make warr agaynst the prince, and to enter into the principalyte: howbeit he thought as then to have no reproache, nor in tyme to come to be said of hym, that he should send his people into the Kyng of Englande or prince's lande, or to take townes, cyties, castles, or fortresses, without defiance; wherefore he was counselled to send to defy the Kyng of Englande. And so he dyd, by his letters closed, and a Breton varlet bore them.

This proceeding of sending the defiance by a "varlet," is said to have been resorted to, because the Black Prince had arrested the messengers whom Charles had sent to cite him to appear before the French Court of Peers, to answer the complaints which had been lodged against him touching the imposition of several obnoxious taxes in the province of Guienne. The appearance of the "varlet" upon such an errand, in the court of Edward, produced considerable sensation.

The kyng and his counsayle had great despite that a varlet should thus bringe his defiance, and sayd howe it was nothing appertenant that the warre between two such great princes as the kyng of Englande and the Frenche kyng should be published by a varlet: they thought it had been more metely that it should have been done by a prelate, or by some valyant man, baron, or knight; howbeit they sawe there was no remedy. Then they counsailed the kyng that incontinenty he should sende a great army into Ponthieu to kepe the frontiers there, and specially to the tounne of Abbeville, the which he was in great danger of losing. The kyng was content so to do: and so there was appointed to go thither the Lorde Percy, the Lorde Nevill, the lorde of Carbesson, and Sir William of Wynsore, with CCC. men, and M. archers. And in the mean season, whyle these lordes made them redy and were come to Dover to passe the sea, there came other tidynges out of Ponthieu, the which were nothing joyfull. For as soon as the Erie Guy of St. Poule, and Sir Hewe of Chastellon who were at then maisters of the Crosbowes of France, thought by all likelyhod, that the kyng of Englande was defyed, then they drew towards Ponthieu, and had sent secretly their commandement to the knyghtes and squires of Artoyse, Heynalt, Cambresis, Vermandose, Vyen, and Picardy, that they should incontinenty come to them; and so they dyd to the nombre of six score spears, and came to Abbeville. And they set upon the gates, for it was do determined before, and so the men of warre entered without doying of any hurt to any of them of the tounne. Then Sir Hewe of Chastellon, who was chefe leader of these men of warre, went streight where as he thought to fynde the Seneschall of Ponthieu, Sir Nicolas Lovayng, and dyd so moche that he founde him, and toke him prisoner. Also they toke a riche clerke and a valyant man, tresourer of Ponthieu; so that day the Frenchmen toke many a riche prisoner, and the Englishmen lost all that they had in the town of Abbeville.

A few miles to the south-west of Abbeville, and on the road between it and Amiens, stands the small town of Pecquigny, which is remarkable in our history as having been the scene of that curious interview between Edward the Fourth and Louis the Eleventh, at which the two sovereigns conferred and ratified a treaty of peace upon a bridge thrown across the Somme, with a strong wooden grating, "such as the lions' cages are made of," between them. The terms of the treaty had been previously arranged by their

ministers at Amiens; and that it might be concluded with due solemnity, it was thought necessary that there should be a meeting between the two monarchs. The celebrated Philip de Comines, who was one of the chief councillors of Louis, gives an interesting account in his *Memoirs* of the measures taken by his suspicious master to accomplish that object without endangering his safety and exposing his person to fatal risks; for the sad experience of the age had shown that the prevalent notions of honour were not always a safeguard against treachery, and as Louis would scarcely have scrupled to resort to such a villany himself, he was naturally led to guard against it on the part of others.

In order, (says Comines,) to bring the whole affair to a conclusion, they consulted what place was most convenient for the interview of the two kings, and persons were appointed to survey it; the Lord du Bouchage and I were chosen for our master, and the Lord Howard, one Chaulanger, (as the writer calls Sir Anthony St. Leger,) and a Herald for the King of England. Upon our taking a view of the river, we agreed the best and securest place was Picquiny, a strong castle some three leagues from Amiens, belonging to the Vidame of Amiens, which had been burnt not long before by the Duke of Burgundy; the town lies low, the river Somme runs through it, and is not fordable near it. On the one side, by which our king was to come, was a fine champain country, and on the other side it was the same, only when the king of England came to the river he was obliged to pass a causey, about two bow-shots long, with marshes on both sides, which might have been of very dangerous consequence to the English, if our intentions had not been honourable. And certainly as I have said before, the English do not manage their treaties and capitulations with so much cunning and policy as the French do, let people say what they will, but proceed more ingenuously and with greater freedom in their affairs, yet a man must be cautious and have a care not to affront them, for 'tis dangerous meddling with 'em. After we had fixed upon the place, our next consultation was about a bridge, which was ordered to be built large and strong, to which purpose we furnished our carpenters with materials. In the midst of the bridge there was contrived a strong wooden grate, or lattice, such as the lions' cages are made of, the hole between every bar being no wider than to thrust in a man's arm, the top was covered only with boards to keep off the rain, and the body of it was big enough to contain ten or twelve men of a side, with the bars running cross to both sides of the bridge, to hinder any person from passing over it either to the one side or the other; and in the river there was only one little boat to convey over such as had a mind to cross it.

This method of arranging an interview between two enemies, desirous of becoming friends, was not a novel one. It had been put in practice in 1419, and when the Dauphin of France, (afterwards Charles the Seventh,) and John Duke of Burgundy met on the bridge of Montereau, or Faut-yonne; but upon that occasion the barrier was furnished with a wicket, bolted on both sides, "by means of which, and by consent of both parties, they might pass to either." During the conference, the Duke, at the invitation of the Dauphin, as some say, drew back the bolt upon his side of the wicket, and passed through, when he was immediately attacked and slain, with some of his attendants. Louis, (who was the eldest son and successor of Charles the Seventh,) had not forgotten a deed which fixed so black a stain upon his father's early life, and he therefore desired particularly that in the arrangements for his interview with Edward, "there should be no passage from one side to the other." He related to Comines the story of the Duke of Burgundy's murder, and commanded expressly that there should be no door, "for," said he, "if there had not been one then, there had been no occasion of inviting the duke on that side, and that inconvenience (as he styles the murder,) had been prevented," &c.

The barrier being finished, (says Comines,) and the place fitted for the interview as you have already heard; the next day, which was the 29th of August, 1475, in the morning, the two kings appeared. The king of France came first, attended by about eight hundred men at arms: on the king of England's side his whole army was drawn up in order of battle; and though we could not discover their whole force, yet we saw such a vast number both of horse and foot, that the body of troops that were with us seemed very inconsiderable in respect of them, but indeed the fourth part of our army was not there. It was given out that twelve men of a side were to be with each of the kings at the interview, and that they were already chosen out of the greatest and most intimate of their courts. With us we had four of the king of England's party to view what was done among us, and they had as many as ours on their side, to have an eye over their actions. As I said before, our king came first to the grate, attended by about twelve persons of the greatest quality in France; among which were John Duke of Bourbon, and the Cardinal his brother. It was the king's royal pleasure (according to an old and common custom that he had) that I should be dressed like him that day. The king of England advanced along the Causey, (which I mentioned before,) very nobly attended, with the air and presence of a king: there were in his train his brother the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Northumberland, his Chamberlain called the Lord Hastings, his Chancellor and other peers of the realm; among which there were not above four drest in cloth of gold like himself. The king of England wore a black velvet cap upon his head, with a large flower-de-luce made of precious stones upon it. He was a prince of a noble majestic presence, his person proper and straight, but a little inclining to be fat; I had seen him before when the Earl of Warwick drove him out of his kingdom, then I thought him much handsomer, and to the best of my remembrance my eyes had never beheld a more beautiful person. When he came within a little distance of the rail, he pulled off his cap and bowed himself within half a foot of the ground; and the king of France who was then leaning over the barrier received him with abundance of reverence and respect: they embraced through the holes of the grate, and the king of England making him another low bow, the king of France saluted him thus. Cousin, you are heartily welcome, there is no person living I was so ambitious of seeing, and God be thanked that this interview is upon so good an occasion. The king of England returned the compliment in very good French, then the Chancellor of England (who was a prelate and bishop of Ely) began his speech with a prophecy, (of which the English are always provided,) that at Picquigny a memorable peace was to be concluded between the English and French: after he had finished his harangue the instrument was produced which contained the articles the king of France had sent to the king of England. The Chancellor demanded of our king whether he had sent the said articles? and whether he had agreed to 'em? the king replied yes: and king Edward's being produced on our side, he made the same answer. The Missal being brought and opened, both of the kings laid one of their hands upon the book, and the other upon the true cross, and both of 'em swore religiously to observe the contents of the truce," &c.

After a further conversation for a short time, the two kings retired from the barrier at the same time, "or very near it," and mounting their horses rode off, the king of France to Amiens, and the king of England to his army.

It is singular that more than five hundred years before this meeting at Pecquigny, William Longue-épée, (or Long-sword,) Duke of Normandy, the son and successor of the illustrious Northman chieftain, Rollo, who founded that principality, was murdered at the same place by Arnulf, Count of Flanders, whom he had met there for the purpose of adjusting some feudal dispute.

THE ANCIENT WATCH AND WARD.

Our present police is a modification of the armed force, employed in former times for the protection of fortified towns, and for the purpose of giving notice of the approach of friend or enemy. The men placed

on the walls of the towns were termed *warders*: we frequently find them noticed by that accurate narrator of matters of antiquity, the late Sir Walter Scott, who has thus described the appearance of this watch in the evening, in his poem of *Marmion*.

The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.
Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barred;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient border-gathering song.

An armed watch was continued in after-times as a local guard, when the necessity for soldiery became unnecessary, on account of the more civilized state of the community. Cities, towns, and boroughs, according to the number of their respective inhabitants, were bound to maintain a certain number of men for watch by night, and for ward by day, and hence the division of London and other places into *wards*, of which the alderman was more especially the magistrate. The watch had power to search out all improper, or even suspected persons, and to keep them in custody till the following day. In Edinburgh, not much more than thirty years have elapsed since the watch were armed with battle-axes. From this military origin of the police, the name of *serjeant* is still applied to an officer of the watch.

The first notice we have of a nightly watch in the city of London, is in the year 1263, during the disputes between King Henry the Third and the citizens. During this troublesome time, a strong guard was kept in the city, and by night a party of horse, supported by some infantry, incessantly patrolled the streets. This guard gave rise to a gang of thieves, who, under pretence of being part of the foot-patrol, and ordered to search for strangers, got into and robbed many houses. In order to prevent such practices for the future, a standing watch was appointed in every ward.

In 1509, at the beginning of the reign of Henry the Eighth, that monarch made his entry into the city in state, and was received by the citizens with great pomp and pageantry. The watch, which had in those days become a large and well-constituted body, were paraded before him; and the king was so pleased that he returned shortly afterwards to the city, accompanied by his queen and the principal nobility, when the procession was repeated, and afterwards it was continued every Midsummer-night.

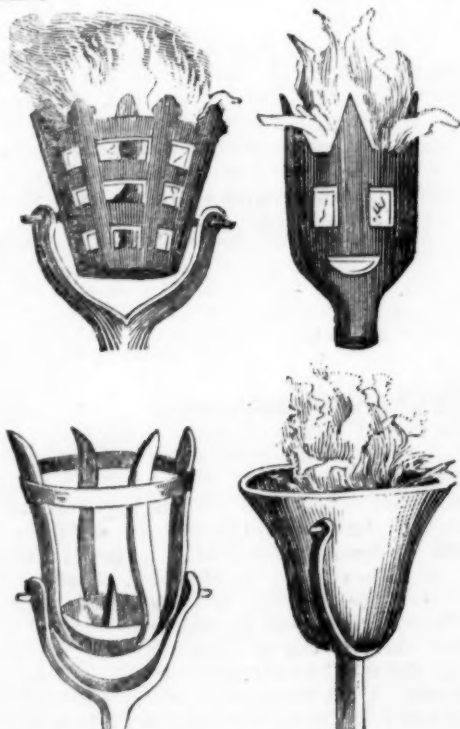
The march was begun by the city music, followed by the Lord Mayor's officers in parti-coloured liveries; the sword-bearer on horseback, in beautiful armour, preceded the lord mayor, mounted on a stately horse, richly trapped, attended by a giant and two pages on horseback, three pageants, Morris-dancers, and footmen; next came the sheriffs, preceded by their officers, and attended by their giants, pages, pageants, and morris-dancers; then marched a great body of demi-lances, in bright armour, on stately horses; next followed a body of carabineers, in white fustian coats, with a symbol of the city arms on their backs and breasts; then marched a division

of archers, with their bows bent, and shafts of arrows by their sides; next followed a party of pikemen in their corslets and helmets; after whom marched a column of halberdiers in their corslets and helmets, and the march was closed by a great party of billmen, with helmets and aprons of mail, and the whole body, consisting of about two thousand men, had between every division a certain number of musicians, who were answered in their proper places by the like number of drums, with standards and ensigns, as veteran troops.

This nocturnal march was illuminated by 940 cressets, 200 whereof were defrayed at the city expense, 500 at that of the companies, and 240 by the city constables. When on usual duty, two men were appointed to each cresset, one to carry it, and "another to beare a bag with light and to serve it; so that the poor men pertaining to the cressets, taking wages, besides that every one had a straw-hat, with a badge painted, and his breakfast in the morning, amounted in number to almost 2000." An old poet thus notices these cressets:—

..... Let nothing that's magnifical,
Or that may tend to London's graceful state,
Be unperformed, as shewes and solemn feasts,
Watches in armour, triumphs, cresset lights,
Bonfires, bells, and peals of ordnance,
And pleasure.

The cressets here mentioned were a sort of iron pan, containing burning pitch, or other combustibles, carried at the end of a long pole; they appear to have been employed in many of the pageants of the citizens.



CRESSETS OF THE ANCIENT WATCH OF LONDON.

The yearly pageant of the watch on Midsummer-night was discontinued, by desire of the king, in 1539, on account of its great expense to the city, but it was again set on foot in 1548, during the mayoralty of Sir Thomas Gresham; but in about twenty years after, this marching watch and its procession were entirely remodelled, and a standing watch much more useful and less expensive, appointed in its stead.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

No. X

EXPANSION AND CONTRACTION.

I STATED to you in our last description that the mere alterations in the heat of the weather caused the *expansion and contraction* of metals, and as *iron* is now so very abundantly used in buildings, the engineer has not only to understand this fact, but also to guard against its effects.

Supposing, for instance, that a large iron beam was firmly secured at each end, on the tops of two stone piers or columns: it would expand by the heat of a Summer's day, and force the columns out of their upright position: it would contract in the cool of the night, and draw them back again; and such operation going on for months together, the columns, supposing them to be of one stone, would be rendered unsteady; or if of several pieces of stone, the cement would fall away from the joints, and they would fall to pieces.

Now in building iron bridges, this property of the expansion of iron must be guarded against, or otherwise it would greatly damage the stone piers. I believe that it is generally done by allowing a space for the iron to expand, and not bolting it firmly to the masonry; but it is the business of the practical engineer to devise the best means of doing this properly.

You would, at first thought, deem it a bit of pleasantry, if I told you that the iron columns in the Quadrant of Regent-street, London, are taller and larger in a hot than in a cold day; but if you reflect for a moment on what I have said, you will perceive at once that such must be the case, not only with them, but with all other iron or metal columns or bars, exposed to the influence of heat and cold.

If, as in our first experiment, the small bit of copper-wire expanded so much as to be incapable of passing into the gauges, how much greater must be the expansion of a larger mass of metal; but yet it cannot be detected by the eye; it is only to be done by very close and accurate measurement.

Many artisans who construct beautiful and delicate machinery, have to guard against the expansion of metals; the watchmaker in particular has to do this.

If you examine the works of this watch, which is a very common one, you will find that all the wheels have *steel* pins or axles, and that they work in *brass* holes. Now what is this done for? Why, in the first place, the extreme strength of a bit of steel renders it fitter for the pin or axle than brass, because the latter is soft, and would bend; but there is another reason, which is this. You have already seen that *steel* does not expand so much as *brass*; and therefore when the watch is worn in the pocket, the heat of the body causes both metals to expand; but the steel pin expands *less* than the brass hole, and therefore the pin has always free motion.

But supposing that the works of the watch were constructed exactly the reverse, that is, with *brass* pins and *steel* holes; why, after being worn in the warm pocket for a short time, the watch would stop its movements, because of the brass pins expanding so much *more* than the steel holes.

Expansion by heat also affects the tone of bells, and the wires of stringed instruments.

Here is a small handbell; remark the shrill tone it produces. I will now heat it over the flame of this reading-lamp, so that it may expand. Now listen; how much less shrill the tone is, because for the time being there is a larger mass vibrating; the original tone returns as the bell cools.

If a pianoforte is tuned in a cold room, it will be out of tune when the room is heated, because some

of the wires being brass, and others steel or iron, they have expanded unequally. Of all solid bodies known to the chemist, the metals are by far the most expansile and contractile; but every solid substance expands by heat in some degree or other, although we cannot ascertain it with such facility.

The metals are the most perfect conductors of heat that we know of*, and the reason why this tin cup does not crack when I suddenly fill it with boiling water, is because the heat is quickly conducted all over the tin, and it therefore expands equally inside and outside.

Earthy or stony bodies, either natural or artificial, are very bad conductors of heat, and so is glass. If I pour boiling water into a glass, it is almost sure to fly or crack, because the inside gets suddenly expanded, and the heat is not immediately conducted to the outside; so that the inside keeps getting bigger and bigger, and at last forces the glass to crack.

The thicker the glass, the more certain is this to happen, and therefore you generally see the thick bottoms of tumblers drop out when hot water is poured into them, because the heat is yet more slowly conducted through such a thick mass; but a very thin glass may be suddenly filled with boiling water, without cracking; such a glass as a Florence oil-flask, which, being exceedingly thin, conducts the heat quickly from the inside to the outside, both expand equally, and no crack takes place.

If a lamp-glass is suddenly put over the flame of the reading-lamp, it is almost sure "to fly," on account of unequal expansion.

Such are a few remarks about the expansion of solids by heat, and I shall next endeavour to show you the expansion of liquids by the same powerful agent.

* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. IX., p. 110; Vol. X., pp. 219, 238.

TRUE liberty consists in the privilege of enjoying our own rights, not in the destruction of the rights of others.—PINCKARD.

THE smallest trifle often makes a man miserable, whilst innumerable mercies and blessings produce no thankfulness.—WATSON.

THERE is something in the thought of being surrounded, even upon earth, by the Majesty on high, that gives a peculiar elevation and serenity of soul. To be assured in the loneliest hour of unknown or neglected sorrow, that every sigh ascends to the eternal Throne, and every secret prayer can be heard in Heaven; to feel that, in every act of conscious rectitude, the heart can appeal, amidst all the contradictions of sinners, to One who seeth not as man seeth, produces a peace which the world can never give. Feeling itself, like Enoch, walking with God, the heart perceives a spirituality and purity in every joy, a mercy and a balm in every sorrow, and, exalted above the intrusions of an intermeddling world, has its "conversation in heaven."—MATHEW.

OLD age is often querulous. It is one of its defects to be so; but let not this occasional weakness deceive you. You may be assured that naturally it has gratifications of its own, which fully balance those of earlier days, and which, if cultivated, would carry on the stream of happiness to its grave. If life has been rightly employed, it will also have the visioned recollection of its preceding comforts to enhance the pleasures which it is actually enjoying. My own experience in the sixty-seventh year of my age is, that notwithstanding certain ailments and infirmities, and the privations they occasion, it is just as happy as all the preceding seasons were, though in a different way,—so happy, as to cause no regret that they have passed, and no desire to exchange what is, for what has been. If youth has hopes, and prospects, and wishes, that enchant it, age has no inferiority even in this respect.—TURNER.

THE FACULTIES OF MAN.

MAN is born with wonderful faculties into a wonderful world; and, as he journeys through this world, it is amazing what a mass of information he heaps together; how his active, able mind can gather in stores of knowledge from every side at every step.

He travels over his own globe, and marks the scenes and products of a hundred lands; the customs, deeds and tongues of a hundred nations. He explores the heights above and the depths below. Nothing is too small for his notice, nothing too great for his measurement. From the loftiest mountain that shoots into heaven, to the minutest flower that springs at his feet; from the huge animal that stalks through the forest, to the insect which finds its world on a leaf:—the fowl of the air, the fish of the water, each stone that exists, each plant that grows, each creature that moves—this immense and varied host does Man note, and examine, and name, and arrange in due class and order. Nay, spurning the limits of his own earth, winged by his instruments, he bounds over the vast space around, traverses the heavens in every direction, and makes acquaintance with worlds at distances too prodigious even for conception.

All this array of knowledge can man discover and grasp by his own faculties, his own independent exertions; by the activity of his own body, the sagacity of his own mind. And strongly does this display his astonishing powers. Look at the Infant:—what being so ignorant and helpless as that little creature! Look at the Man towering aloft in the might of his intellect;—and what expansive faculties must they be, which have raised the helpless ignorance of the Babe to those heights of knowledge in the Man! The fact is, where man can bring his powers to bear, there he does wonders. Where eye can see and finger can touch, there man can search, and detect, and comprehend, to a marvellous extent. So it is that the material world—this visible creation of earth below and heaven above—is more or less within man's knowledge.

But then, there is another world, and that world man's senses cannot reach, and there man's knowledge fails. It is a spiritual world, a world of things, which "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard," and therefore "neither have they entered into the heart of man to conceive." There the mightiest in natural talents, the giant in earthly science, is again the ignorant, helpless babe. He may inquire, and imagine, and argue, and conjecture, but he works in the dark. He can never get one firm footing within the world invisible whereon to stay his anxious soul. That world lies on the map of his knowledge one huge void, which reason may plant with her possibilities, and fancy fill up with her figments; but of which he knows nothing, and can know nothing, in clear and certain truth. Earth and Time are within his observation; Heaven and Eternity are beyond his cognizance.

Here, then, is our position. We are hastening through the world we see into a world invisible and unknown. To it death will speedily introduce us. Meanwhile every thoughtful mind must be intensely anxious to learn something of this awful world soon to be our own world; so much at least as will enable us to do all we can to prepare for it. Whence can we gain this information?—Not from the vain inventions of the poet, nor yet from the speculations of the philosopher, dim and doubtful at the best. We must look to the mercy of the God, beneath whose eye this world of darkness to us lies clear as the noon-day. All sure knowledge of that world, must be a revelation from Him.—GIBSON.

ENGLISH LAKE SCENERY

WORDSWORTH'S RESIDENCE AT RYDAL WATER.

No portion of the British islands presents stronger claims on the attention of the topographer, or on the admiration of the lovers of the beautiful and sublime in landscape, than the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. Let us take a hasty glance at the great features of this remarkable district,—mountain and lake,—with especial reference to a subject with which they are associated, and on which it confers the highest interest,—the picturesque elysium where WORDSWORTH, "Nature's simple and unaffected bard," has fixed his residence, apart from the bustle and turmoil of the world.

First, a word or two on the hills. Wordsworth, who has himself described the district with a poet's pen, eloquently observes that the forms of the mountains are endlessly diversified, sweeping easily or boldly in simple majesty, abrupt and precipitous, or soft and elegant. In magnitude and grandeur, they are individually inferior to the most celebrated of those in some other parts of this island; but in the combinations which they make, towering above each other, or lifting themselves in ridges like the waves of a tumultuous sea, and in the beauty and variety of their surfaces and their colours, they are surpassed by none.

The general surface of the mountains is turf, rendered rich and green by the moisture of the climate. In other places, rocks predominate; and the soil is laid bare by torrents and burstings of water from the sides of the mountains in heavy rains. The outline and colouring of these immense masses, formed as they are by one mountain overshadowing another, "are perpetually changed by the clouds and vapours which float round them: the effect, indeed, of mist or haze, in a country of this character, is like that of magic." Gilpin, in sketching the magnificent scenery of this district, says, "In many countries much *grander* scenes are exhibited than these, mountains more lofty, and lakes more extensive: yet it is probable there are few in which the several objects are better proportioned, and united with more beauty."

The origin of the lake, which is the next striking feature of this interesting country, is thus described by the same ingenious writer:—

Its magnificent and marble bed, formed in the caverns and deep recesses of rocky mountains, received originally the pure pellucid waters of some rushing torrent as it came first from the hand of nature, arrested its course till the spacious and splendid basin was filled brimful, and then discharged the stream, unsullied and undiminished, through some winding vale, to form other lakes, or increase the dignity of some imperial river.

Let us turn now from the general features of this "land of the mountain and the flood," to the subject more immediately under notice.

RYDAL LAKE is a small but beautiful sheet of water, in an amphitheatre of rocky mountains, about a mile and a half from Ambleside, on the road to Keswick. The surface of the lake is adorned by two wooded islets, which with the verdant meadow and hanging woods, that alternately environ the gracefully indented margin of the water, combine to render it an object of such beauty as immediately to fix the eye, notwithstanding the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. The little river Rotha, winding round a promontory, enters it on the north, and making its exit on the opposite side, falls into Winandermere. At the foot of Rydal Mount, on the right of the engraving, may be distinguished the home of Wordsworth, where he has resided for several years. Rydal Head, the summit of the mountain is of great height;

its frowning peaks are partially clothed with stunted bushes, and lower down, its sides are dotted with small white cottages, peering from amidst a thick coppice wood. The hills facing this lofty eminence are of less altitude, but they add not a little to the beauty of the landscape, from the diversity of their forms and tints.

The value of lake-scenery arises rather from the idea of magnificence, than of variety. The scene is not continually shifting here, as on the banks of a winding river. A quick succession of imagery is necessary in scenes of less grandeur, where little beauties are easily scanned; but one like this demands contemplation. The eye surveys with feelings of admiration and delight, the unruffled basin of this mountain "*larn*," reflecting as from the surface of a mirror the varied colouring of the clouds, the light, and the surrounding hills; and every object in the more distant scenery is softened into a cerulean blue, blended with the deeper shades of the variegated woods, the reddish colour of the rocks, and the luxuriant green of the banks of the lake.

Lough-zigy Fell, a high ridge in the immediate neighbourhood of Rydalmere, towers above the surrounding mountains, and many of the adjacent lakes and waters may be seen from its summit.

On a rising lawn to the south of Rydal Head, which rises close behind the house, stands Rydal Hall, the seat of the Rev. Sir Richard Fleming, Bart. On the north and east it is sheltered by lofty mountains; in front, the view towards the south is exceedingly fine, comprising the extensive vale of Winandermere, bounded by that lake. The mountain on the east is covered with wood, and has a picturesque effect. Between Rydal Head and this mountain runs a narrow wooded valley, through which a considerable stream, falling down a quick descent, along a rocky channel, forms a succession of pleasing cascades.

A very curious phenomenon observable upon some of these mountains, which is called in the country a *helm wind*, will sometimes arise so suddenly, and with such extreme violence, that nothing can withstand its force. The experienced mountaineer, as he traverses these wild regions, foreseeing its approach, throws himself flat upon the ground, like the Arabian at the approach of the "*simoom*," and lets it pass over him. Its rage, however, is only momentary, and the air instantly settles into its former state of calm. On Cross Fell, a lofty mountain on the borders of Cumberland, it is by no means of rare occurrence, and the blast seems to proceed from a *cap* or dense cloud which rests on the summit of the mountain. The lakes are subject to something of a similar kind of emotion, which the inhabitants of the country call a *bottom wind*. Often during a perfect calm, a violent ebullition of the water, which is forced upwards by some internal convulsion, will suddenly take place, and present the agitation of a storm. As soon, however, as the confined air has spent its force, the convulsed surface immediately subsides, and dies away in lessening circles. *Basingthwaite Water* is said to be frequently liable to this singular phenomenon.

Amongst the most celebrated mountains of the lake district, may be enumerated *Helvellyn*, stretching near a league and a half in one vast concave ridge, its lofty summit towering to the height of 3313 feet; *Cross Fell*, which is considered by some to be still higher, being according to Jameson, 3383 feet above the level of the ocean; *Skiddaw*, *Scafell-Peak*, and *Bontomand*, are scarcely inferior in altitude.

The celebrated pass, known by the name of "*Dunmail-Raise*," which divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is at no great distance from

Rydal water, and presents a scene of the most sublime character. Dunmail-Raise, which gives its name to the pass, is a rude monument, consisting of a monstrous pile of stones, heaped on each side of an earthen mound, and appears to be little known. Gilpin says it was probably intended to mark a division between the kingdoms of England and Scotland, in the old time, when the Scottish border extended beyond its present bounds. It is said, this division was made by a Saxon prince, on the death of Dunmail, the last king of Cumberland, who was here slain in battle. But for whatever purpose the rude pile was fabricated, it has yet suffered little change in its dimensions, and is one of those monuments of antiquity which may be best characterized by the scriptural phrase of "remaining to this very day."

WORDSWORTH, the founder of what has been styled the "Lake School of Poetry," whose genius has cast such a halo over Rydal, and its adjacent scenery, is a native of Cockermouth, in Cumberland. He was born in 1770, and is now in his sixty-seventh year. In 1803, he settled at Grasmere, in the immediate neighbourhood of his present residence, to which he next removed. In the same year, he married a Miss Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, by whom he has several children.

The simple yet majestic beauty which pervades so great a portion of Wordsworth's poetry, is now universally acknowledged, and has been thus ably described:—

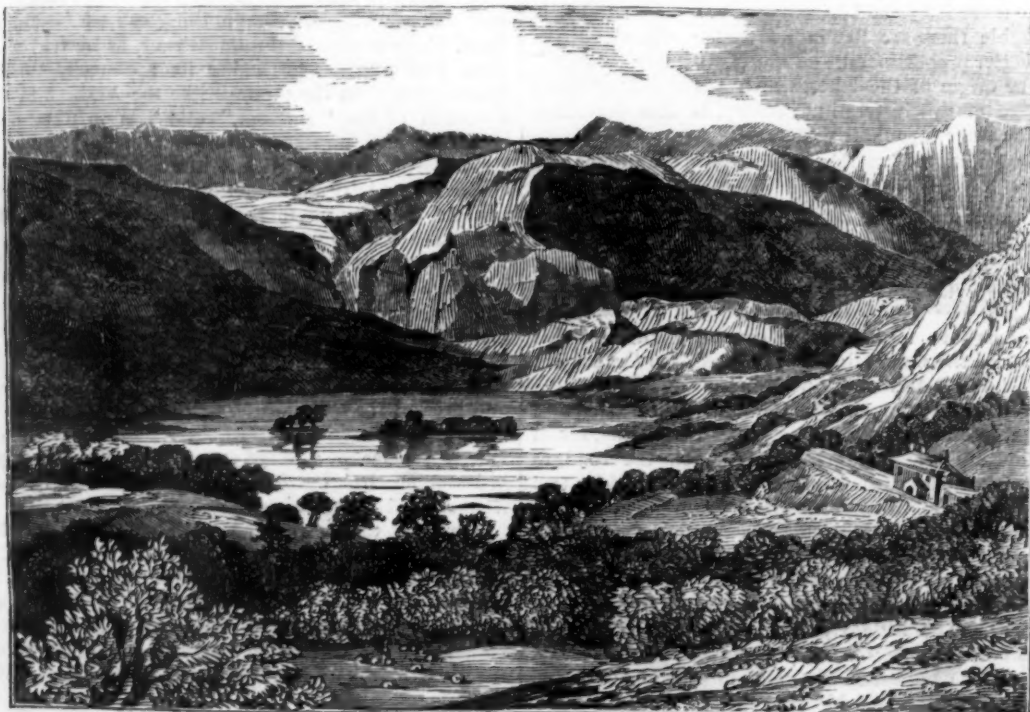
There is a lofty philosophic tone, a thoughtful humanity, infused into his pastoral vein. Remote from the passions and events of the great world, he has communicated interest and dignity to the primal movements of the heart of man, and engrafted his own conscious reflections on the casual thoughts of hinds and shepherds. Nursed amidst the grandeur of mountain-scenery, he has stooped to have a nearer view of the daisy under his feet, or plucked a branch of white-thorn from the spray; but in describing it, his mind seems imbued with the majesty and solemnity of the objects round him,—the tall rock lifts its head in the erectness of his spirits; the cataract roars in the sound of his

verse; and in its dim and mysterious meaning, the mists seem to gather in the hollow of Helvellyn, and the forked Skiddaw hovers in the distance. There is little mention of mountainous scenery in Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; but by internal evidence one might be almost sure that it was written in a mountainous country, from its bareness, its simplicity, its loftiness, and its depth!

BLACK COMB.

THIS height a ministering angel might select:
For from the summit of Black Comb (dread name,
Derived from clouds and storms!) the amplest range
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands:—low dusky tracts,
Where Trent is nursed, far southward! Cambrian hills
To the south-west, a multitudinous show;
And, in a line of eye-sight linked with these,
The hoary peaks of Scotland that give birth
To Tiviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and Clyde:—
Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes forth
Gigantic mountains rough with crags; beneath,
Right at the imperial station's western base
Main ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched
Far into silent regions blue and pale;—
And visibly engirding Mona's Isle
That, as we left the plain, before our sight
Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting slowly
(Above the convex of the watery globe)
Into clear view the cultured fields that streak
Her habitable shores; but now appears
A dwindled object, and submits to lie
At the spectator's feet.—Yon azure ridge,
Is it a perishable cloud? Or there
Do we behold the line of Erin's coast?
Land sometimes by the roving shepherd swain
(Like the bright confines of another world)
Not doubtfully perceived.—Look homeward now!
In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene
The spectacle, how pure!—Of Nature's works,
In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,
A revelation infinite it seems;
Display august of man's inheritance,
Of Britain's calm felicity and power!—WORDSWORTH.

Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumberland: its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in those parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain



RYDAL WATER, WESTMORELAND.